

The Faculty of Music, University of Toronto
present

Music and Poetry

with

Vilma Indra Vitols, mezzo-soprano

Michael Colvin, tenor

Gabriel Radford, horn

John Hawkins, piano

Eric Domville & Edward Laufer

commentators



Thursday Noon Series

Thursday, November 16, 1995

12:10 pm

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

Michael Colvin, tenor, studies with Patricia Kern and is in his final year of the Artist Diploma Programme at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto. Michael attended the Britten-Pears School at Aldeburgh during the summer of 1995.

Eric Domville is Emeritus Professor of English at Trinity College, U of T. Currently Prof. Domville is teaching jointly with Prof. Jean MacPhail, a course on song in English at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

John Hawkins is a Professor of Theory and Composition at the Faculty of Music, U of T. His latest work, *Nightsong*, a setting of a poem by Dylan Thomas, will be given its first performance on March 21, 1996 at the Thursday Noon Series.

Edward Laufer is Professor of Theory and Composition at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto and is a member of the Graduate Department of Music. Prof. Laufer is widely known as an outstanding musical analyst.

Gabriel Radford, horn, is in the third year of the Mus. Bac. Performance programme at the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto and studies with Fred Rizner. Gabe was a member of the National Youth Orchestra this past summer.

Vilma Indra Vitols is in her second year of the Operatic Performance Programme at the Faculty of Music, U of T. She will sing the role of Cherubino in the forthcoming Opera Division staging of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. Her vocal teacher is Prof. Jean MacPhail.

Next Music & Poetry Concert: Thursday Noon Series, March 21, 1996
Works by Stravinsky, Hawkins, Sondheim and Bizet

Four Songs, Op. 2 by Alban Berg

Aus: *'Dem Schmerz sein Recht'*
(Hebbel)

Schlafen, Schlafen, nichts als Schlafen!
Kein Erwachen, keinen Traum!
Jener Wehen, die mich trafen,
Leisestes Erinnern kaum,
Daß ich, wenn des Lebens Fülle
Nieder klingt in meine Ruh,
Nur noch tiefer mich verhülle,
Fester zu die Augen tu!

Drei Lieder aus: *'Der Glühende'*
(Mombert)

Schlafend trägt man mich in mein Heimat-
land.
Ferne komm ich her, über Gipfel, über
Schlünde,
über ein dunkles Meer in mein Heimatland.

Nun ich der Riesen Stärksten überwand,
mich aus dem dunkelsten Land heimfand
an einer weißen Märchenhand,
hallen schwer die Glocken;
und ich wanke durch die Gassen schlafbe-
fangen.

Warm die Lüfte, es sprießt Gras auf son-
nigen Wiesen,
Horch - es flötet die Nachtigall.
Ich will singen:
Droben hoch im düstern Bergforst,
es schmilzt und glitzert kalter Schnee,
ein Mädchen in grauem Kleide lehnt an
feuchtem Eichstamm,
krank sind ihre zarten Wangen,
die grauen Augen fiebern durch Düster-
riesenstämme.
'Er kommt noch nicht. Er lässt mich warten'.
Stirb!
Der Eine stirbt, daneben der Andre lebt:
Das macht die Welt so tief-schön.

From: *'Let Anguish Have Its Due'*

To sleep, to sleep, only to sleep!
No awakening, no dream!
Let the pains I had to bear
be hardly remembered --
so that, when the fullness of life
sounds into my sleep
I draw my sheet closer around me
and hold my eyes more tightly shut!

Three Songs from *'Glowing with Ecstasy'*

In sleep I am borne to my homeland.
I come from afar, over mountains and
valleys,
over a dark sea to my homeland.

Now that I have conquered the strongest
giants
and found my way home from the darkest
land
led by a white faerie hand,
the bells sound darkly,
and unsteadily, lost in sleep, I walk
through the streets.

The air is warm, grass grows on sunlit
meadows.
Listen - the nightingale is singing.
I will sing:
High up in the dark mountain forest,
where cold snow melts and glistens,
a grey-clad girl leans against the wet trunk
of an oak-tree.
Her tender cheeks show sickness,
her grey eyes look feverishly past dark,
gigantic tree-trunks.
'Still he does not come. He makes me wait.'
Die!
One dies, while another lives;
This makes the world so lovely and so deep.

Still Falls the Rain

(The Raids, 1940. Night and Dawn)

STILL falls the Rain --

Dark as the world of man, black as our loss --

Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails

Upon the Cross.

Still falls the Rain

With a sound like the pulse of the heart that is changed to the
hammer-beat

In the Potter's Field, and the sound of the impious feet

On the Tomb:

Still falls the Rain

In the Field of Blood where the small hopes breed and
the human brain

Nurtures its greed, that worm with the brow of Cain.

Still falls the Rain

At the feet of the Starved Man hung upon the Cross.

Christ that each day, each night, nails there, have mercy
on us --

On Dives and on Lazarus:

Under the Rain the sore and the gold are as one.

Still falls the Rain --

Still falls the Blood from the Starved Man's wounded Side:

He bears in His Heart all wounds -- those of the light
that died,

The last faint spark

In the self-murdered heart, the wounds of the sad
uncomprehending dark,

The wounds of the baited bear --

The blind and weeping bear whom the keepers beat

On his helpless flesh . . . the tears of the hunted hare.

Still falls the Rain --

Then -- O Ile leape up to my God; who pulles me
doun --?--

See, see where Christ's blood streames in the firmament;

It flows from the Brow we nailed upon the tree

Deep to the dying, to the thirsting heart.

That holds the fires of the world -- dark-smirched with
pain

As Caesar's laurel crown.

Then sounds the voice of One who like the heart of man

Was once a child who among beasts has lain --

'Still do I love, still shed my innocent light, my Blood,
for thee.'

Edith Sitwell

Music and Poetry

Alban Berg
(1885-1935)

*Vier Lieder für eine Singstimme mit Klavier, Opus 2,
Nach Gedichten von Hebbel und Mombert*

with
Vilma Indra Vitols, mezzo soprano
John Hawkins, piano
Edward Laufer, commentator



Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

*Canticle III ("Still falls the Rain"), Op. 55
for Tenor, Horn and Piano
Words by Edith Sitwell*

with
Michael Colvin, tenor
Gabriel Radford, horn
John Hawkins, piano
Eric Domville, commentator